

April, 1934

The Liguorian



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AMONG OURSELVES

The friendliest of Easter greetings are hereby extended to all our readers. We pray that the sorrows of their hearts will be lifted, and that the wounded but glorified hand of the Saviour will be extended over them in Easter benediction.

We have a letter, just received, that we feel we must quote, not only because it warms our own hearts, but because it will give pleasure to many of our readers and supporters. It comes from a physician in a mid-western state:

"It gives me pleasure to renew my subscription to *THE LIGUORIAN*. How good it is to read such a magazine and enjoy the gems it contains. It is a magazine that inspires one to take a militant part in the great work of Catholic Action, and the Holy Father must certainly be pleased with your efforts in advancing a cause so dear to his heart.

"Also allow me to commend you on the lack of patent medicine advertisements and others of like questionable character in your pages. Everything is clean and pure, and may your cause prosper."

We thank the author, and all who have been silently giving us their support.



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The Liguorian

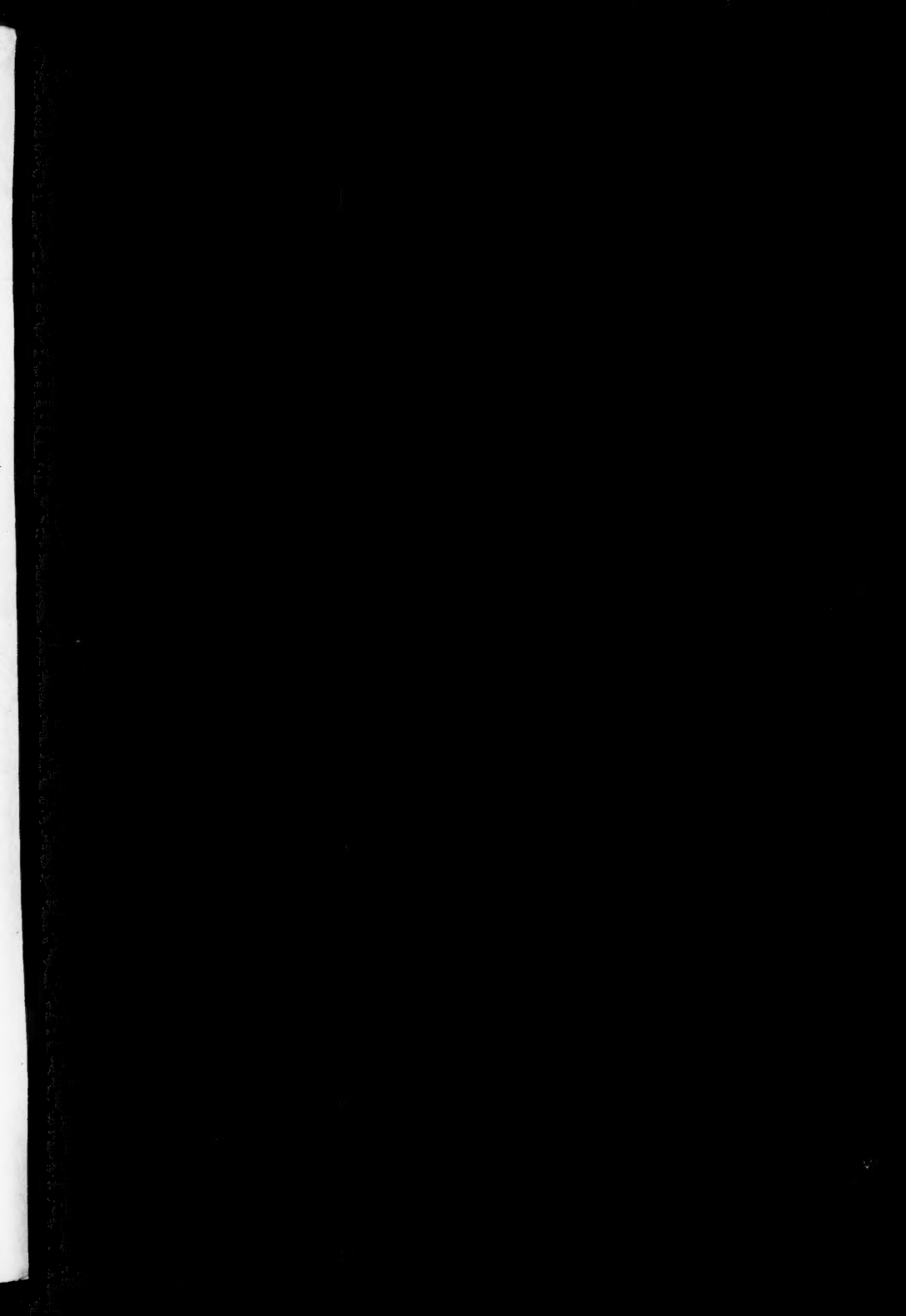
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Alphonsus Devoted to the Growth*

*According to the Spirit of St.
of Catholic Belief and Practice*

Vol. XXII.

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No. 4

GETHSEMANI

Oh Garden fair with flowers and glade
Where olives spread their grateful shade;
Yet destiny unfolds in thee
The world's most awful tragedy.
Gethsemani!

While now thy sombre branches wave
Athwart the silence of the grave,
The solemn midnight hour is thine
Which brings to thee a Guest divine,
Gethsemani!

Thrice blessed thou in flower and bud
That first received the Sacred Blood,
And kindly lent each leafy bower
In reverent silence for His Hour,
Gethsemani!

Oh what a tale thou mightest tell
Did not thine olives guard it well,
For here beneath their branches wide
Love suffered for us e'er He died,
Gethsemani!

— Brother Reginald, C.Ss.R.

Father Tim Casey

PERSEVERANCE

C. D. McENNIRY, C.Ss.R.

"Well, anyhow," Gaby Flanders was going to see this thing threshed out if it took all summer. "Well, anyhow, if Harvey Swalk apostatized because his religion was all on the outside, you surely cannot say the same of Hortense Farragher."

"I should say not," Delizia Hogan agreed. "Why, she was praying *all* the time. 'Member, Gerald, the day we saw her entering St. Mary's Church when we were going out to the ball game, and, on our way back, we dropped in for a minute, and there she was still, kneeling up as straight as a post in front of St. Anthony and praying her head off."

"Bernard Raab can vouch for it that Hortense was the champion pray-er. He used to board at the Farragher's. Didn't you, Benny? Can't you, Benny?" Gaby Flanders spluttered on.

"'S fact," Bernard agreed. "I've seen Hortense stage a canption fit because her mother wouldn't let her go back to church for another Mass; she had been to four already and had just run home for eats."

"And she prayed at home, too, didn't she, Benny?"

"Mighty near all the time — even when the old lady tried to get her to sign off and come and help with the dishes. She had shrines and statues and perpetual lights all over the lot. Her own room looked like the litany of the saints."

Yes, and she belonged to the Third Order and the Archconfraternity of the Living Rosary and the Daily Adorers. And, Oh, if you only saw the medals and the scapulars and the Membership Certificates—

"And, Father, wasn't she talking about going to the convent?" Ann Wigglesworth tried her best to ask this question in a sort of indifferent, matter-of-fact way so nobody would guess her own secret.

"I do not remember that she ever talked about anything else — but it never went further than mere talk," the priest answered drily.

Gaby Flanders was not interested in that particular angle, but rather in the question as a whole. "Father Casey, *how* do you explain it — the holiest girl in the parish renouncing her faith?"

"My child, nobody in this world is confirmed in the friendship of God. So long as we have a breath of life, it is still possible for us to reject God's grace, to lose our faith, and lose our soul. No matter how

holy we are today, we cannot thereby merit to remain good until death. Perseverance until death is a special grace which God gives only to those who keep praying for it. Each day we must beg God to keep us faithful to Him for one day more. Thus persevering one day at a time, we shall finally die in His love and be saved."

"Then hasn't a holy person any better chance of persevering than anybody else?"

"To be sure he has, a far better chance, because it is far more probable that, since he is holy today, he will keep on praying with the earnestness, humility, and confidence necessary, and thus will keep on receiving the grace to persevere from day to day, and gain the victory in the end."

"Father, I'm worried." Gaby's conscience was an open book; she did not care who read it. "What is going to become of a poor fish like me? I am not holy at all. I say my prayers and go to church and try to behave myself, because I know God wants it — not because I feel any hankering — any spiritual attraction — you know what I mean. In fact, I'm more like the fellow in the story. He said everything he really wanted to do was either immoral, illegal, or fattening. How will it all end? When the tale is finished — when the books are closed — when the evidence has been weighed and the sentence passed — Who knows? Will the devils have a feast, and will Gaby Flanders be the dripping roast? It gets me all upset to see a holy person like Hortense Farragher fall away."

"I just told you that even the holiest persons *can* fall away. St. Paul himself begged his friends to keep praying for him lest, after saving so many others, he should be lost. The case of Hortense Farragher should not surprise you."

"Her marrying a divorced man would not surprise me so much. A girl can do the silliest things when she is daffy over a man. She might continue to believe the Catholic faith as strongly as ever, but just not have the backbone to live up to it. And, though she would be excluded from the sacraments as long as she continued to live with another woman's husband, there would still be some chance — they might scrap or he might die or something. Then she could still repent and come back to her Church — if she hadn't died and gone to hell in the meantime. But to turn out-and-out Protestant, to become a deaconess or something in the Baptist Church!!!"

"Maybe Hortense Farragher's religion consisted in sentiment rather than in solid faith. When she could no longer indulge this sentiment in the true Church, on account of her deplorable matrimonial tangle, she sought to indulge it in another," Father Casey suggested.

"But, Father, she was so holy! She must have had solid faith!"

"Shrines and statues and medals and scapulars and long hours in church, when properly employed by one who has strong faith, are a powerful aid to closer union with God. But, in themselves they are not an absolute proof of strong faith. They may betoken mere sentiment — even a form of vanity, self-will, human respect. It sometimes seemed as though, the more people were looking at her, the more pious did Hortense become."

"I know these things are only secondary; religion does not consist in them. But the Mass and the sacrament of Confession and Holy Communion. As you have so often told us, Father, these are the essence of religion, and Hor —"

"I did not say they are the essence of religion; I said they are essential to the practice of your religion. The essence of right living is to know, love, and serve God. You will not know, love, and serve God if you refuse to make use of the powerful helps He has given you in Holy Mass and the Sacraments. By uniting yourself with Our Lord when He offers Himself on the altar for your salvation, by applying to your soul His divine forgiveness in the sacrament of Confession, by strengthening yourself with His living Body and Blood in Holy Communion, you are enabled to know, love, and serve Him — enabled, not forced — you still have the power to reject the graces He offers you."

"I thought anybody that goes to Mass every day, rain or shine, without fail, must surely love God."

"Almost surely," said the priest, "but not absolutely. If you go to daily Mass for the same reason for which Christ offers Himself to His Eternal Father in daily Mass, if you try to understand better and better the real meaning of the Mass, if you seek to unite yourself more and more intimately with Him during Mass, then that morning Mass is bound to make you more Christlike in all your thoughts and actions throughout the day. But if you go through some unworthy motive — possibly to escape an unpleasant duty at home and shift it onto some other member of the family, then the Mass will do you little good."

"But Confession! Surely Confession must make one better."

"If you do your little part, this powerful sacrament is bound to make you better. But if you neglect your part, it is fruitless, as fruitless as — as — the application of a mustard plaster to a broken leg. You simply make it impossible for the sacrament to produce its beneficial effects. Your pious Hortense probably had her share of faults, like all the daughters of Eve. Maybe she too was vain and grasping and ambitious and stingy and hard-hearted and giddy and fickle and spiteful and gossipy and lazy and sensual and disobedient and impatient and proud and stubborn. Did she acknowledge the fact in Confession? Did she have the courage to turn the white light of self-examination in upon her soul so that she could see these faults? Did she wage continual warfare against them? In each Confession renew her sorrow for them? Her firm resolution to keep trying to overcome them? Her choice of practical means to combat them? Then indeed her frequent Confessions were bound to make her better and better. But if she satisfied herself with merely reciting a little list that never varied from one end of the year to the other, she was not really making use of the sacrament of Confession, she was merely going through the motions."

"And daily Communion? I mean of course when you have no conscious mortal sins?"

"Pope Pious the Tenth has answered that question for you. That person, he says, receives worthily and fruitfully who daily approaches the Holy Table, not through habit, not through vanity, not through human motives, but with the intention of pleasing God, with the intention of uniting himself more closely to God by love, with the intention of applying this Divine Remedy to the cure of his faults and frailty. There is the clear test for determining whether or not daily Communion is beneficial. Who knows? If that test were applied to your friend Hortense, she might not have proved so holy after all."

"That's a fact, Father. She was going with that divorced man for months before she married him, in spite of her daily Communion and all her pious practices."

"Then we have good reason to question whether it was 'the holiest girl in the parish' that renounced the faith. But leave that to God. Don't waste time trying to figure out why Hortense Farragher failed. Look to yourself. If you want to save your soul and go to heaven after death, you must love God now. The love of God does not consist in pious sentimentality, but in the courageous will to do what God wants,

to accept what God sends, and to live for God. Remember that, and act accordingly. Constant prayer, daily Mass, regular Confession, and frequent Communion will help powerfully to hold and increase this love of God — but they can never take the place of it," said Father Casey.

INFLUENCE OF A PICTURE

A well-to-do man was leading a godless life. There was no thought any more of going to Mass or of receiving the Sacraments. Nothing made any impression on him.

One day, happening by a beautiful church, he entered merely through curiosity. He looked all around. On one side of the church there hung a picture which immediately attracted his attention for it was clearly a very precious one. It represented David weeping tears of bitter self-reproach and humble penitence for his great sin of adultery. As the glorious king of Israel wept an angel held a dish into which dropped David's tears. Under the picture were the words of St. Augustine: "David sinned grievously and wept the rest of his life; you sin continually and never weep."

The picture seemed to entrance the man. He looked long and thoughtfully at it, reverting again and again to the words beneath the picture. Finally, overcome with shame, he sank to his knees and said to himself: "See what it means to be truly sorry for sin; there is not a spark of real contrition in my heart. David was a great and powerful king but he was not ashamed to weep tears of sorrow for His sin while I, an insignificant creature, am laden with all kinds of sins and my eyes and my heart have been without sorrow."

Deeper and deeper went the sting of sorrow into his heart. His home-coming was merely a matter of time. Before long he was again clasped in the forgiving embrace of God.

THE REASON

One of the many reasons which induced Antoine Ulric, Duke of Brunswick, to embrace the Catholic religion, was Milner's statement:

"It is well attested that there are very few Catholic priests, however limited may be their ministry, who are not often called to receive into the Catholic Church dying Protestants, whilst it would be impossible for me to cite a single example of a Catholic desiring to die in any communion but his own."

Portraits of People

AS SEEN FROM A BUS

M. J. HUBER, C.Ss.R.

If you want to go riding on a cloud and throw all the cares of the world behind you; if you want to feel light as a winged angel and be thrilled by the kiss of a promised immortality; if you want your heart to beat time for a lyric melody; if you want a drab world to become an enchanted isle in fairyland; if you want to find adventure, surprise, beauty, and make-believe, — ah! then you must step to the curb at a corner of Michigan Avenue in Chicago, signal the driver of a bus to stop, climb to the top deck, which is roofed only with the sky, and ride away to the north.

But it must be in the springtime.

* * *

The bus I hailed seemed to be a strange animation of an antique piano-box on wheels as it came rolling along. But, remember, my feet were still in contact with the world of prose and fact. Thrown slightly off balance by the forward surge and lift of the bus, I found myself making a sort of banking turn up the steps to the top deck, — up with a rush that brought to my lips the words of Robert Louis Stevenson:

“How do you like to go up in a swing,
Up in the air so blue?
Oh, I do think it the pleasantest thing
Ever a child can do!

Till I look down on the garden green,
Down on the roof so brown —
Up in the air I go flying again,
Up in the air and”

. . . there I was, — the street flowing by me like a river at full flood; the great buildings like the cool walls of a canyon on one side and wide walks and green grass carpeting the bank on the other.

Following an old habit of mine I slid into a seat from which I could, like a captain of a ship, have a full view of the deck and my fellow passengers.

Almost at once I felt the old mood stealing over me; swiftly and

warmly; like a blush upon the cheek. Gently I opened the doors of my mind and called forth my thoughts to play in the fairyland of my imagination, and forth they came like children dressed in white to play upon the lawn. It was then I saw the maiden, whom I knew of old as sweet and gentle Spring, stand upon the mossy bank and take from her quiver arrow after arrow, which she launched with accurate aim against me. The lazy, languid shafts, feathered with bursting clusters of the lilac, impinged upon my senses one by one. My head was pierced and wounded all round, and my brain was sadly addled.

I suppose that is why I thought I saw Simple Simon rising up along the steps of the bus to the level of the deck. Ah, how my imagination ran wild in painting pictures of his life as he came walking down the winding avenue of my befuddled senses!

A simple soul he was, no doubt about it. I could see him stand before the window of a department store and look at the things displayed with the blank stare of an owl while his eyelids clicked shut and open with the mechanical and measured regularity of the shutter of a camera.

A man he was, who, like Simple Simon, would like to bite into the luscious pies set out on the table of life. But, alas, the price! Indeed he had not any. A plain clay mask of a face forbade you to think that there would ever be music in his soul. How simple and empty life must be for him! How poorly do people use such simple souls! They come and they go along their quiet ways, like silent shadows gliding along the corridors of eternity; never grasping in their ways; trampled on by all whose path they cross, but never treading on the rights of others; dogged plodders working hard for every cent they get.

My box of paints tumbled to the ground; the brush dropped from my imagination's hand; my soul leaped in terror as two great blue-black storm clouds drifted very unexpectedly past me and engulfed Simple Simon like a helpless bird caught in the tempest.

Then my vision steadied somewhat, and I saw they were policemen with heavy hands laid on the arms of Simple Simon.

"What does this mean?" I demanded, sallying from my castle-seat across the aisle with all the battle-flags of anger snapping smartly in the wind. "What does this mean?" I repeated in rising tones. "Don't you know that this is Simple Simon, and that he can do no wrong?"

"Oh, yair?" came from one cavern-mouthed minion of the law, and

"Sez you!" from the other as his glance took me apart. Then both together in chorus as children trained well to speak their lines: "This is Slippery Sam. He's wanted for cracking a safe this morning in the offices of the Bakewell Pie Company. Come on, punk, let's go!"

And for a while the bus was again a rolling box of clanking wheels and gears.

* * *

But the shattered mood was quickly made whole again; and it became more enchanting than it had been before. For Spring stood on the bank of the river again, mixing within a great two-handled cup a soothing draught of all her balmy breezes. I took the cup, sparkling, flowing over, drank deep and long, and like a gentle opiate it laid hands upon my mind.

Within a minute Old King Cole was coming up the steps of the bus. At the first glance I saw that a merry old soul was he; he carried his pipe, but not his bowl. And where were the fiddlers three?

As he settled down upon a seat, quite filling it from side to side, his great heavy body quaked and quavered like custard when it is turned from a cup upon a plate. Jollity jingled from every fold of fat beneath his chin. His eyes were deep wells of cool and calm contentment. The lines of his mouth, in a flowing script, spelled a smiling invitation to the dance. Here was a man made to be the plaything of little children; whose voice in tale and story could lift their souls to the heights of awe and wonderment, plunge them into the depths of horror, and leave them rollicking on the merry-go-round of mirth. He must have been, to judge from his appearance, one of the truly great humorists of the present, spending his days in coaxing from a pen-point words that would tickle the ribs of the world.

I could carry my musings no further, for he arose and prepared to leave the bus. As he passed me, a folded newspaper fell from his pocket. To save him the embarrassment of stooping for it, I reached down quickly, picked it up, and gave it over into his hand.

"Allow me," I offered with all the gracious courtesy at my command.

"Thank you," he replied in a deep bass voice whose intonation was as solemn as the tolling of a bell. "Allow *me*," he went on, "to offer you my card."

I looked at the card after he had gone, and on it I read:

EVERgreen 76

BARRY N. BLACK
UNDERTAKER

31 Gravesend Ave. Pleasant Valley, R. I.

And down near the lower right-hand corner, out beyond the edge of the card, I thought for a moment that I saw the letter P.

* * *

After that second shock the sun went out of the sky for a while. I turned my face upward, looking for the light to return. Just some passing clouds they were, like heavy lace shrouds across the sun. Then twittering birds soared up from the hand of Spring like arrows against the clouds, piercing them and making windows for the sun to shine through once more.

Enchanted anew, I turned my eyes to avoid the sunbeams from the sky and saw a tiny sunbeam of a girl come slowly up the steps. I knew her name at once. Alice in Wonderland! The picture was perfect; pure white dress, golden hair in a glorious torrent of color, and eyes as big and blue as those windows in the sky.

She sat beside her mother, her face a mirror of awestruck wonder. If life on such a day and all the world around could be so beautiful to me, what must they be to her, — a child in a world of wonders. The rush of speeding things, the bulk of mighty buildings, the great open lake with a kiss of sunlight on every wave, the flash of colors all around! To this child was given to see more than Alice in Wonderland ever dreamed of seeing.

When the bus stopped at a corner, there was a young lad selling small bouquets of flowers. I called; flipped him a coin. He smiled; tossed me the flowers. They came up to me in a curving line of color. They were for little Alice: a bit of beauty snatched from the hands of Spring for Alice to hold captive within her pretty hand. I held the flowers out to her. She seemed not to notice the gesture.

I asked her, smiling, "Don't you want these pretty flowers?"

There was something glorified and serene in the mother's face as she took the flowers, placed them in the child's hand, returned my smile, and said: "Thank you, sir, for the pretty flowers. But Alice could not see them. Alice is blind."

I must have looked directly into the sun when I turned away, for I had to keep my eyes shut tight for some moments. And when I opened them, they were wet with tears.

* * *

Through this haze, which soon vanished, I saw Prince Charming in a seat across the aisle with Cinderella's slipper in his hands. He was straightening the heel, which she must have caught on the steps when getting on the bus. Well, there could be nothing to deceive me in this picture. It was the ideal portrait of Young Love in the Springtime.

Now he knelt on one knee to place the slipper on her foot. How they laughed about it all; and how they talked, — more with their eyes than through the medium of ineffective words! Then he was beside her again; she was beside him. For them that was enough. Not seeing, not hearing, but somehow feeling all the beauty of color and sound around them, they were afar off in a world of their own making, living on a spinning planet whose orbit lay within the future.

Soon, perhaps in June, I said to myself, Prince Charming will take Cinderella as his bride. I found myself devoutly hoping that the story of all their coming years would be: "They were married and lived happily ever after."

When they arose, Cinderella greeted a friend she had not noticed until she turned into the aisle. I could not help hearing a question and the answer.

"Were you two downtown to see a show?"

"Oh, no!" answered Cinderella. "John and I took a bus-ride all by ourselves to celebrate the fifth anniversary of our wedding, and we're on our way to Grandma's now to get the children."

I got off the bus soon after that and watched it roll away. It seemed to be a strange animation of an antique piano-box on wheels.

~

If a person were paralyzed, perfectly helpless, blind, deaf and dumb, and still resigned to the Will of God, intimately united to Him, such a person would do more for the Church than all the activity of those who labor for the Church, but who are less united to God. — *Curtis*.

"It Is The Mass That Matters"

MR. BIRRELL'S FAMOUS SAYING

T. A. MURPHY, C.Ss.R.

With the fall of the leaf in 1933, the long life of Mr. Augustine Birrell came to an end. It is nearly forty years ago since he penned the phrase: "It is the Mass that matters" and when he wrote those words he had a literary experience which is the lot of few men. For he wrote a phrase which was to become famous even in his own lifetime. Many men have written famous phrases, but the fame usually came when the authors were dead.

Now that his life has ended it may be well to recall the oft-quoted "*Obiter Dictum*" and see it in its original setting, and even write a little of the man himself.

Augustine Birrell was born near Liverpool — the son of a Nonconformist Minister — eighty three years ago. He was a barrister by profession, but a man of letters by preference. At one time he was President of the Board of Education in England. For many years, as may be remembered, he was English Chief Secretary in Ireland, and the University Act of 1908 and a good Land Purchase Act remain to the credit of his Chief-secretaryship. The rattle of the Volunteers' rifles in the streets of Dublin, in 1916, brought his political career in Ireland to an end, and two years later he retired from the English Parliament.

Mr. Birrell has a greater name as a writer than as a politician. His *Life of Charlotte Brontë* and his two volumes of "*Obiter Dicta*" gave him an assured place in the world of letters. He made no secret of the fact that Newman was one of his most cherished models and lavished praise on the great Cardinal's writings. Passages like the following might be easily quoted from his essays:

"The charm of Dr. Newman's style necessarily baffles description: as well might one seek to analyse the fragrance of a flower, or expound in words the jumping of one's heart when a beloved friend unexpectedly enters the room. . . . One can of course heap on words. Dr. Newman's style is pellucid, it is animated, it is varied; at times icy cold, it oftener glows with a fervent heat; it employs as its obedient and well-trained servant a vast vocabulary and it does so always with the ease of the educated gentleman."

As one might infer from his devotion to Cardinal Newman's writings Mr. Birrell touches occasionally on Catholic topics in his own writings. He shows, however, but slight insight into Catholic Faith except in very rare passages. In religious belief he was whatever the vague term "Nonconformist" connotes in modern England, and it was as a Nonconformist that he wrote the article from which his well-known saying on the Mass is taken. The article appeared in the "Nineteenth Century" for April 1896. It was entitled: "What did happen at the Reformation" and was meant as an appeal to the Protestant authorities in England to define their position with regard to the Communion Service. His contention was that Protestants, at the time of their revolt against the Church declared that the Mass was idolatry and broke away from all Catholic tradition with regard to it, but that in modern times they were more broad-minded and many of them would accept the doctrine of the Mass if only they got a definite declaration on the subject from their Church authorities. "It is impossible to believe," he pleaded, "that a mystery so tremendous, so profoundly attractive, so intimately associated with the key-stone of the Christian Faith, so vouched for by the testimony of the saints, can be allowed to remain for another hundred years an open question in a Church which still asserts herself to be the Guardian of the Faith."

One thing stands out clearly in Mr. Birrell's lengthy article. He realised the importance of the Mass and longed to see it celebrated again throughout England. In passing he had a graceful word of sympathy for English Catholics who have to submit to the loss of their beautiful cathedrals — cathedrals which were built by Catholic hands as shrines for the Mass: "There is much that is touching and forlorn in the spectacle of an English Roman Catholic no longer able to adore his risen Lord in any of those stately Mother churches built by the piety, and still instinct with the genius of his ancestors, or to hear within their walls the tinkle of that bell, a sound carrying with it a richer freight of religious association than any other sound or incident of Christian worship."

The passage in which the phrase "It is the Mass that matters" occurs is a strikingly thoughtful piece of writing. Had the Church of England after the reformation, Mr. Birrell asked, continued to celebrate Mass "after the same fashion and with the same intention" as it did before? And in pleading for a definite answer to his question — a vain plea of course — he wrote, among other things, as follows:

"Nobody nowadays, save a handful of vulgar fanatics, speaks irreverently of the Mass. If the Incarnation be indeed the one divine event to which the whole creation moves, the miracle of the altar may well seem its restful shadow cast over a dry and dusty land for the help of man, who is apt to be discouraged if perpetually told that everything really important and interesting happened once for all, long ago, in a chill historic past. . . .

"It is doubtful whether any poor sinful child of Adam (not being a paid agent of the Protestant Alliance) ever witnessed, however ignorantly, and it may be with only the languid curiosity of a traveller, the Communion Service according to the Roman Catholic ritual without emotion. IT IS THE MASS THAT MATTERS; it is the Mass that makes the difference: so hard to define, so subtle is it, yet so perceptible, between a Catholic country and a Protestant one, between Dublin and Edinburg, between Havre and Cromer."

"It is the Mass that matters." The phrase recalls a scene described by St. John in the sixth chapter of his Gospel. "The Jews therefore strove among themselves, saying: How can this man give us his flesh to eat? Then Jesus said to them: Amen, amen I say unto you: Except you eat the flesh of the Son of Man, and drink His blood, you shall not have life in you. . . . My flesh is meat indeed and My blood is drink indeed. . . . As the living Father hath sent Me, and I live by the Father; so he that eateth Me, this same also shall live by Me. . . .

"After this many of His disciples went back; and walked no more with Him." Then the remarkable thing happened. Jesus let them go. He made not the slightest effort to detain them. If they would not believe that His Flesh was in truth to be given as food and His Blood in truth given as drink, they might go back and walk no more with Him. They would no longer be His disciples. The Eucharist was the rock on which their faith was shipwrecked. It was to be a fundamental doctrine of His teaching. In a very real and profound sense "it is the Mass that matters."



I am not trusting in my own merits; for I have none; but I trust in Him Who is Virtue and Holiness itself. It is He alone, who, pleased with my poor efforts, will raise me to Himself and by clothing me with His merits make me a Saint. — *The Little Flower*.

Gathered at Dawn

SANCTITY AMONG OUR CHILDREN

PETER J. ETZIG, C.Ss.R.

On the 20th degree latitude some 500 miles from Madagascar is the island of Mauritius. It is of oval shape and contains about 720 square miles. It is a pleasant island during the cool season but in the hot season is very oppressive. The French language and law prevail although the island is under British Dominion since 1814. The population is somewhat over 375,000 of which over 258,000 are Indians and 3,600 Chinese. Of this population 122,000 are Catholics and 6,900 are Protestants.

This island was the scene of life of a little French maid whose whole span of life amounted to a half dozen years — a pretty soul in a pretty country.

SIMONE BRUNEAU 1905-1911

Little Simone was born on January 3, 1905, the last of nine children, four of whom preceded her to heaven. She was baptized three weeks later at the parish church of Notre Dame de Lourdes. When scarcely fourteen months old she could already be heard about the house singing the famous Lourdes' refrain: "Ave, Ave Maria!" In fact, even on the day her little sister Eva died, she could be heard singing it, just as if nothing could quite silence the joyousness of the little one.

A REAL BOOKWORM

The girl certainly was very precocious and had a remarkable memory. At three she asked her aunt, Mademoiselle Morin, to teach her how to read, and her first book was the Office of the Blessed Virgin Mary. She would count the times the names of Jesus, Mary or Joseph occur and then would urge her aunt to ask her how many times these names were to be found. Whenever she met them in print she would put the page to her lips and kiss the printed name. She had a great liking for poetry and would page through any book given her to find some verse and when she had found it, would run to her aunt exclaiming: "Listen to this, isn't it pretty?" Her love for books got to be such that at four years she had lost her enthusiasm for dolls and toys and was often found with her face deep in a book. In fact, her parents began to get anxious, and began to hide the books around the house so

that she would not find them and perhaps strain herself in her passion for reading.

At four years, she was already an edifying sight of piety. She knew the ordinary prayers by heart, and could recite the *Angelus* in Latin. Every time the clock struck she would run to her aunt and they would together recite some prayer. There was in her life an irresistible attraction for the Blessed Sacrament, especially when it was exposed. This may have come from her having been consecrated on the day of her baptism to the Blessed Sacrament and placed upon the altar. At any rate, she accompanied her parents daily to the Perpetual Adoration Chapel. There she attracted universal attention by her marvelous devotion, and at all times in life showed a special predilection for our Blessed Mother under the title of Marie-Reparatrice.

MARKING DOWN THE MERITS

The yearning to receive Christ in Communion arose very early in the heart of little Simone. It was customary in her family for all to receive each first Friday of the month, and it was a great sacrifice for the child to be obliged to remain at home. "When I make my First Communion, the house will be empty, for I too will go with you!"

When Pope Pius X gave the decree on Children's Communion to the world in 1910, Simone was but five years old, and despite all her tears she was told she would have to wait till she was seven years of age.

Her aunt tells that every morning Simone would rap at her door to wish her "Good morning."

"Who is there?" aunt would say.

"It is the angel with the little golden wings," she would reply, and after having kissed her aunt she would change the date on the calendar.

"O how many more days do I still have to wait!" she would say.

"But don't you ever lose your patience waiting so long?" her aunt would ask. "You still have whole months!"

"O that makes no difference," she would answer. "It is at least one day."

Mother St. Felicians, who had taken great interest in the child, instructed the girl to keep an account of her failings and victories, and to mark them down in a small note-book. This Simone did with great exactness and when she would perform some good act she would run to her mother and cry out in great glee: "Mark down the merit, mamma!"

One day there came a knock at the door, and as every little girl might well be, Simone was very curious to know who stood on the other side of that door. But just as she was about to rise to go and see, she paused:

"No, I will not go," she said, "it will be a good sacrifice for the book." Later that same day, she timidly asked her aunt:

"Do you think that was a merit worth marking down?"

PRAYING FOR KING EDWARD

Simone being the youngest of the family quite naturally felt herself somewhat favored. This made her a little selfish and she tried to direct all her mother's affections her way. It made her jealous to see Irene gain some of her mother's attentions. She was, however, soon told that such a feeling was wrong and certainly not worthy of her. From that time on she tried very hard to keep such sentiments from her heart, and she did so by turning her head away so as not to see Irene getting her mother's caresses, or by busying herself with something else.

One day she was out with her aunt for a little stroll and they came upon a beautiful flower-bed.

"How envious I become to see such beautiful beds," the aunt said, "whereas mine are so empty and poor!"

"Do as I do, auntie," came the serious admonition, "turn your head away and do not look, and you won't be envious any more."

Her devotion to the Souls in Purgatory might be said to be remarkable. If she heard of the death of any one she would immediately pray for that soul. As her biographer says: "She was visibly preoccupied with the beyond."

One evening the child found her aunt upon the veranda. The moon was full and its radiance scattered its beauty through the night. Simone stood near her aunt silent and looked up into the clear heavens.

"Do you perhaps know, auntie," came the unexpected question, "where the soul of Edward, our king, is now, for you know he has just died?"

"In Purgatory, I trust, dear child," was the answer.

"Ah, then, she replied, "I will pray very much for him, for he is, you know, our king."

GOD BEFORE ALL

Quite naturally she had a great devotion to the Mother of God. It was her privilege to kneel with the family each evening and lead the

rosary. Notre Dame de Lourdes was a favorite title to her, and in the garden she had had constructed a little grotto which never lacked its flowers and its pilgrim.

She loved flowers because they spoke so forcibly of the marvels of God. It was her delight to gather bouquets on her walks, and each flower made her bless God. This sense of the supernatural never left her. She sensed God in all things and in all places.

One time her brothers and sisters asked her:

"Whom do you prefer — father or mother?"

"God before all!" was the quick and decisive reply. And so it was with this child. "God before all and above all" sums up her life and characterizes its content and purpose, and "God before all" is the inscription that thoughtful and understanding parents have had engraved on her tomb stone.

In 1910 she entered school at the urgent request of one of the teachers, Miss Mary Cunningham, who felt privileged to be entrusted with the development of the intelligence of little Simone. Contrary to most accepted standards among our little ones "She would rather die than miss school!" She proved to be a remarkable student, and gained general attention when she was allowed to read to the class.

DESIRES FOR THE EUCHARIST

When Pope Pius X decreed Communion for the little ones, Simone lacked 18 months of the required age, and was disconsolate about not being able to go to the Communion rail.

"I know how to read," she insisted, "I know the catechism, I want to be a good little girl . . . I'm sure that if the Holy Father knew all this, he would make an exception in my case."

"But you are far too small," teased one of her companions. "Why, your head wouldn't come to the top of the railing. How could you receive?"

"Don't be afraid," came the ready answer; "I could lift my head a little higher and the good father could stoop a little lower, and there you have it!"

She always had her catechism in hand, and soon had all its parts by heart. Being quite small she was placed in the first row of benches in the catechism class, and when the priest passed by her in his questioning, thinking perhaps that she did not know it, she was plunged in grief: "Alas, Father imagines that I do not know my Catechism."

They always insisted she was too small, just as if He who once had said: "Suffer the *little* children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God," had had any particular stature in mind.

She found particular delight in being in the Corpus Christi procession, especially when she was selected to hold one of the tassels of the banner of Mary. Week by week her desires for the Eucharist grew and when in a magazine, she saw a letter which a boy had written to the Pope thanking him for Holy Communion, she thought seriously of writing to the Holy Father to ask his permission to receive. When reading the life of the Little Flower, which she read to the entire family, she read and reread the narration of the First Communion of Therese.

DAWNING GLORY

Simone seems to have had some presentiment that she would soon go to God. She looked forward to Christmas with unusual impatience, and counted the days, — and Christmas saw her with God! A few days before falling sick, she had occasion to drop in at a neighbor's where the body of one of her little companions lay dead. While her mother was speaking with the lad's mother, Simone stole into the death room, and gravely looked on. They hastily led her from the room, but she had been struck by the scene.

"Mamma," she said that evening, "is little Andre already in heaven?"

"Yes, child," was the quiet reply.

"Already in heaven . . ." and the voice trailed off as into a reminiscence.

One night, she had a dream in which she must have seen Andre at play with the angels, for upon awakening she cried out to her aunt: "Little Andre with his little white wings! O how happy he is!"

And so —

Unfold, dear child, your glistening wings, —

Return once more to heaven!

On November 23, 1910, she was suddenly stricken by a strange malady. No doctor or consultation of doctors could diagnose the case successfully. The next day Father Regimbeau came and heard her confession and promised to bring the Blessed Sacrament should the sickness turn for the worse. Simone however, seemed sure of her God now, for she smilingly said to those around her:

"I will not be cured — that is certain. I must die, and oh, how I long to go to heaven!"

Then seeing the tears gather in her mother's eyes, she put her arms about her parent and drew her to her breast — "God before all!" Her period of sickness showed her remarkably patient, and delicate in her thoughtfulness for others. She seemed to pray constantly, and accepted all service sweetly and gratefully. She often sipped a bit of Lourdes water or applied it to her lips, while the *Hail Mary* seemed to be her very breath. She clutched her relic of the Little Flower tightly in her little hand and when spells of oppression weighed upon her she would put the relic to her breast and almost invariably experience relief. When suffering became almost unbearable she would be heard to say, "O my God, may Thy will be done!" Sleep fled from her eyes and at times in extreme weariness she would ask her father to ask God to send her sleep:

"Papa, says: My God, make my little daughter sleep. Say it three times" and the poor father would master his grief to plead for little Simone.

Four doctors tried their utmost skill, but all to no avail, and so the child was waiting for the full-winged dawn. One morning, she called her aunt to her bedside and pointed to the little patch of blue sky visible because the curtain was drawn back:

See, auntie," she said, suppressed desire in her voice, "look well, how beautiful the heavens are!" And once more she sank back on the pillow. Sunday morning came at last, November 26, the eve of her departure for God. She had all the family come to her room and she embraced each one. This was a terrible blow to the mother, for she had clung desperately to hope as mothers naturally do. She left the room hurriedly: "It is the end," she sobbed, "our angel has bidden adieu!"

VIATICUM

Father Regimbeau came to prepare Simone to receive her God — her First and Last Communion. She seemed to be filled with supreme delight and listened with wrapt attention to the words and suggestions of the good priest. He then brought Christ and the child's eyes were shining with light and love; she repeated the final ejaculatory prayers, and the tiny host lay upon her tongue — Simone was hostess to God!

She sank back in recollection and seemed lost in the marvelous reality that comes with each Holy Communion. But those about her saw that she had lived just to receive this favor, for she was fast losing strength. Her breath came short and weak, and the transparency of

death was creeping into her countenance. It was but one-half hour from her Communion, — the cross of Christ was held to her lips — the soft sigh of a weary child was heard, and Simone's thanksgiving was completed with God.

AT THE NOONDAY ANGELUS

They dressed her in her white dress, and she formed a beautiful picture as she slept upon the flower covered couch. The funeral services were held in the Church of Notre Dame de Lourdes, and the little body was buried in the cemetery of St. John, and as they placed her in the grave, the noonday *Angelus* was heard across the quiet graves. She greeted the world when the *Angelus* rang, she bade adieu to the earth with the same message.

And thus the short story of a springtime dawn is told, and though it is short in the telling, we are grateful for the perfume of such lives, and somehow or other, even we grown-ups feel the freshness of the morning dew upon our own raiment. Lives of saints make the sense of the supernatural incarnate among men, but the lives of these little ones add to this incarnation the treasured appeal that we all discover in the face of a child.

CONSCIENCE

Conscience is like an alarm clock. The clock rings, warns and calls you; it doesn't force you to get up; far less does it take you bodily from bed.

Conscience likewise merely warns, persuades, calls, but you can always do what you please.

The alarm may call repeatedly, once, twice, three times and more. You will hear it but if you willingly fall off again to sleep, you hear it less each time till finally you do not hear it any more. You have grown accustomed to the sound and it makes no impression on you.

Conscience will call repeatedly. If deliberately ignored time after time there will come the day when you no longer will hear it. You will have fallen asleep because you have grown accustomed to ignoring conscience.



For common-place souls, creatures, instead of being a means of raising them to God, become an end which they seek, and to which they attach themselves, to the neglect of the Creator.—*Our Divine Friend.*

Up, The Legion!

WILLIAM T. CULLEN, C.Ss.R.

The Legion of Mary, which had its origin in Dublin, Ireland, is not well known in this country. Its purpose and aims are described in this article—to show what a splendid means of Catholic Action it offers to the laity.

They were an ideal Catholic family—the Averys—and there were four of them gathered about the Average Pastor.

“What this country needs,” said the Average Pastor who, not being ubiquitous, advocated the lay-apostolate, “is a

society of Catholic men and women to deal in every possible phase of Catholic activity.”

The I.C.F. agreed—Dad and Mother, and Jimmy who sat under the Christian Brothers, and Mary Ellen, the coming graduate. Dad held for general lay duty to the Faith; Mother believed in charity, pious works et al.; Jimmy and Mary Ellen extended matters to everything from athletics to social endeavor.

So the Averys and the Average Pastor determined on casting about to supply the deficit as far as the Average Parish was concerned—a process which brought them to the Legion of Mary.

It is three years now since first they made a test of its possibilities. Today they have a Legion branch flourishing as the bay-palm:—organization, system, methods, and above all, results; every possible requisite of a perfect lay-apostolate.

And such were the ingredients, such the Legion's genesis in the Average Parish.

* * *

In Dublin City, the night of September the seventh, twelve years ago, a small group of Catholics met at a place called Myrrha House in Francis Street. It was the eve of Mary's Nativity, and in Her holy Name they banded their interests and efforts; thus was instituted the Legion of Mary.

They had a double purpose—these Irish men and girls,—not only to sanctify their souls but to serve God and Mary in a holy warfare against sin and the world,—the age-old struggle assigned to Mary in Eden.

Under the leadership of a Mr. Frank Duff they drew up rules from

which they promised not to swerve, and by these they fashioned a company like to the invincible cohorts of Rome. They proposed a work to which popes and bishops had ever summoned the faithful.

With proper spiritual guidance they laid deep their foundations, offering their members the spirit of the cloister in order and prayer, the work of the ministry in search for souls, the advantage of the layman in character and method.

Their spirit would be that of Mary—prayer, obedience, purity, and courage. Their service would be heartfelt, grateful to do God's work, not turning from labour and painfulness, above all, with love and sympathy, finishing the course begun. They were not to heed thoughts of failure.

At first there were but fifteen—"fifteen Mysteries,"—patterned according to the Vincent de Paul Brothers, to visit the sick and destitute. They were not, however, to deal in material aid,—merely to bring what they could of solace and cheer,—to speak of God and of one's duty in His service.

When finally others joined, they were organized in more regular fashion; Dublin today still speaks of their growth, never ceasing to laud their immense power for good.

They were destined to fill a mighty breach in the Church. Through city and land and beyond the sea their Legion extended, invading Britain and Gaul like the Legions of old, and all of Europe. And in the same spirit they raised their standard among the peoples of Asia, Africa, and Australia, ready to fulfill God's purposes everywhere.

After ten years they were in America, their first praesidium (branch) founded and recruited by a priest of New Mexico—Fr. Schaal. Their work there was fairly typical; in a short while they had canvassed his little parish of Raton, brought 72 persons to First Communion, 179 to Confirmation, had 6 marriages validated, and increased Mass attendance by 159 participants.

These were no slight figures in the rural Southwest, and the word spread to other localities. Praesidia of the Legion were opened in various dioceses; in all they accordingly worked great good to souls. They had, it seemed, a system that could not fail; they relied on God and Mary, and they were proof against stagnation because of their regulated program.

Whether or not the entire institution had been inspired or its growth

been more than natural, one feature of its constituency could not be denied — it had become an effective answer to the problem of concerted action, — a real embodiment of the Lay-Apostolate.

* * *

And so again to the Average Parish with the Average Pastor and Averys:

It is Thursday night of midwinter, and Thursday night means meeting night. Attendance at meeting is the primary obligation of the Legionary.

The members are coming in, stamping snow, laughing, and brisk from the cold night-wind. There are little groups about the council table; two of the girls set about arranging candles and flowers before an image of Mary Immaculate; the President is going through portfolio notes, waiting for the half hour to sound. As the Director arrives, order is called, prayer is begun, and the praesidium meeting is formally opened.

How the Heart of Mary's Son must rejoice as He comes to stand in the midst of them. Throughout the town and across the land similar groups are gathering in homes and meeting halls — the Legionaries of Catholic America doing honour to His holy Mother.

The first prayer invokes the Holy Ghost. The Rosary follows, a reading, business — old and new, then a rehearsal of assignments. One by one the finished duties are recounted: the homes visited, — the hospitals, — educational and social centers.

Here a member has been detailed to dispense reading matter, there a pair to recruit for sodalities. Others are organizing parish groups in Mass study or mission clubs, some preside over Social Justice conferences.

One reports on an emigrant family — different rite — no English — religious confusion; a deal of patient instruction in American Catholicity results in an introduction to the pastor and a reception of the Sacraments.

Another Legionary organizes against radio bigotry. One has founded a bridge club as an orphans' aid. Many, of course, have assignments in their own field of business or occupation.

Much of the work is of such character that Mother Seton or Catherine Macauley might recognize it as their own: — visiting poor old bodies at the Homes; kindly chats with sick and abandoned; the pres-

ent of a rosary; the gathering of neglected children for catechism and, perhaps, a story.

When the reports finish, all stand to recite the prayers called *Catena*, and the Director enters into his weekly *Allocutio*—a simple talk on the *Legion Manual*.

Tonight he is to deal with objections to Legion work, taking as a first example the one commonly offered in new areas: "Plenty of societies here already,—no need of the Legion." Such arguments the Director labels as invalid. He shows the Legion to be organized not for any given work but mainly to insure the spread of Catholic zeal. And to say a place has no need of zeal is a statement confuting itself.

Suppose, however, he asks, the parish concerned has a St. Vincent de Paul conference or a branch of the Children of Mary—what need is there of the Legion? The answer is obvious. St. Vincent's society intends mainly to relieve the poor and destitute; the Legion is for all classes and, above all, for spiritual duty. Most matters of material relief are left to its brother organization. The first Legionaries, nay, the very founder were active Vincentians. They never regarded the two organizations as being at odds or overlapping except in details.

As to the Children of Mary, the Legion acts only as a supplement, offering its service to the most zealous. It guides their zeal by its own wise experience.

It is, indeed, a general principle that no harm can accrue to a parish or society by the admittance of members to the Legion. Legionary activity works with every Catholic endeavor as a well-balanced main-spring,—a leaven, in time leavening the whole measure.

Thus the *Allocutio*.

After this, business is concluded, the President sounds the gavel for final prayer, and in a few moments the members are disbanding to another week of Catholic Action.

As Mary Ellen and her mother stop to speak to the pastor before saying good-night, a car drives into the school yard and Mr. Avery steps out to exchange a few words.

Both he and Jimmy are gone temporarily from the parish fold, himself to organize a Legion branch of the K. of C., Jimmy to interest the de la Salle alumni into founding the city's first young men's prae-sidium.

Their choice has been the well-disposed and more regular; their

method to invite their prospects to Legion meetings. Men and boys have joined in with them, slowly at first, then in increasing numbers until in each Catholic organization a praesidium of the Legion is established. "Wheels within wheels," the Bishop has called them, and they move in accord with their pastors and directors — one of the grandest examples in the land of both Catholic Action and the lay-apostolate.

The Pastor and the Averys are talking of Legion progress — branches forming at a frequent average of ten a week — Detroit, Chicago, Buffalo, St. Louis among the larger centers. The Pastor produces a pamphlet: "Legion of Mary, the Holy Father's Desire." It bears the Papal blessing bestowed on the Legion pilgrims. "We give a very special blessing to this beautiful and holy work — the Legion of Mary — which you so well represent. Its name speaks for itself and the name of Mary Immaculate on its standard portrays its great and holy mission."

Mr. Avery also has folders for priests — friends or laymen interestedly convinced (like Cardinal Verdier of Paris) that this is not just "another church society." The folder contains an intelligent commentary on Legion work and aims reprinted from the Ecclesiastical Review, March, 1932.

More personal activity is devolving on Jimmy in his rôle of district secretary. It means getting in touch with and affiliating branches started "on their own." The Legion demands unity.

Mrs. Avery and Mary Ellen announce preparation for a Legion "Sister" soon to lecture in America; which undertaking, beyond the regular order of Legion work, is typical of the Avery quota for the week.

All this is not to apprise the left hand what the right may be doing; reports, in general, are made to insure against inactivity. For inactivity is the bane of Legion existence.

As the Averys say good-night, and the Pastor returns to his rectory, he finds a moment's pause in reflecting on his long cherished desire: a valid, effective apostolate among the laity. He acknowledges, without a doubt, the Legion to have been its fulfilment. He has seen the Legion rise and spread, its branches producing fruit worthy of the labour. Moreover, he remarks, its yield will increase as long as possibilities remain.

The Legion watchword sounds the incentive: We must do great

good to great numbers, at least great good to small numbers; never small good to great numbers, nor small good to small numbers.

The average Pastor visualizes the Church Militant personified in the Legion of Mary—these secular brothers and sisters of Mary's charity campaigning for God and for Her" so that (in the words of the closing prayer) the battle of life over, our Legion may reassemble in the Kingdom of Thy love and glory. Amen."

The Average Pastor locks up for the night. He recalls a slogan heard at the Dublin Congress. The Legion was marching by. People rose up to bless them as they passed:

"Up, the Legion."

He repeats it, as an antiphon, in his heart of hearts.

"Up, the Legion."

MARIONETTES

"We are like," once said Blessed Joseph Cattolengo to his Vincentian Sisters, "the marionettes of a puppet-show. As long as they are held by a hand from above they walk, jump, dance and give signs of agility and life; they represent . . . now a king, now a clown . . . but as soon as the performance is over they are dropped and huddled together ingloriously in a dusty corner.

So it is with us: amid the multiplicity of our various functions we are held and moved by the hand of Providence: our duty is to enter into its designs, to play the part assigned to us . . . and respond promptly and trustfully to the impulses received from on high."

CHURCH UNIVERSAL

For the sake of those who did not notice a recent article in *Our Sunday Visitor*, we quote its interesting figures on recent conversions to the Catholic faith.

It is there estimated that of the 3,000 converts made in America over a recent period, 372 were Protestant clergymen; 115 were doctors, 126 lawyers, 45 members or former members of Congress; 12 Governors or former Governors of State; 180 army and navy officers; 206 authors, musicians and persons of cultural prominence.

Another evidence of the universality of appeal that resides in the Church of Christ; among all classes of those who think, are men and women who find her claims unshakeable.

Why All These Laws?

F. E. BIETER, C.Ss.R.

Canon 790 states that confirmation may be administered at any time; but the most suitable time is the week of Pentecost.

This sacrament may be conferred during the day or in the evening; on Sunday or during the week. The canon states that the octave of Pentecost is the best time without, however, imposing any obligation of choosing that time. Pentecost is the feast commemorating the descent of the Holy Ghost upon the apostles. Through that event the faith of the apostles was strengthened. Their former cowardice was dispelled. They henceforth courageously professed and preached the doctrines of faith. Confirmation should produce similar effects in the recipients. It will be instructive if confirmation is administered during the Pentecostal season. Then the mystery of the feast will bring to mind the principal effect of the sacrament of the Holy Ghost.

The time of Confirmation

Canon 791 stipulates that the proper place for the administration of confirmation is the church. It, however, allows the minister to confer this sacrament in any other decent place if he judges that he has a good and reasonable cause for doing so.

A church is blessed or consecrated. It thus becomes a sacred place. It is set aside for divine worship. Just as a church may not be used for profane purposes, so sacred rites should not be performed in secular places. The canon merely applies the fundamental principle "Sacred things are to be treated sacredly" to the sacrament of confirmation.

The place of Confirmation

The last part of the canon allows the minister to confer this sacrament in any other decent place if he judges that he has sufficient reason for doing so. Why does not the law absolutely forbid such a thing, and insist out of reverence for the sacrament that it be always administered in a church? There is another principle that must be considered. It is: "The sacraments are for the welfare of men." Circumstances may make it impossible or at least difficult to administer this sacrament in a sacred place. Thus in missionary countries or rural districts churches may be wanting. Or it may be very difficult to bring an invalid or a crippled person to the church. In such cases the bishop could administer

confirmation in a private home. Under these circumstances it would not imply any irreverence to the sacrament. On the contrary, it would show greater esteem for the sacred rite, than to omit it entirely.

Canon 792 accords the bishop the right to administer confirmation within his diocese even in places that are exempt from his jurisdiction.

The older religious orders and some more modern congregations of religious have been declared exempt from the jurisdiction of the bishop.

**Any church
may be used** This was done by the Holy See. The reason is this: The superiors, knowing the rules, the purpose and the traditions of the order, are better fitted to govern its members than even the bishop. The canon gives the bishop the right of using the church of exempt religious to administer confirmation. The reason is, because a public church is intended for the divine worship of the public. Furthermore the administration of confirmation in a church belonging to religious, will not interfere with the interior government of the community.

The canon presupposes conditions that do not obtain in the United States. In Europe churches served by religious priests are usually not parochial churches. Here in America the public churches of religious are parish churches. A parish church, no matter who the parish priest may be, is under the jurisdiction of the bishop of the diocese.

Canon 793 states that it is a very old custom of the church, that, whenever possible, a sponsor be employed in confirmation, as in baptism.

Why should there be a sponsor at confirmation? This sacrament prepares the Christian for the spiritual combat. He becomes a soldier of Christ. A sponsor is given to him to train and instruct him in the tactics of this warfare. St. Thomas compares the bishop to the general of the army, the sponsor to a captain, and the person being confirmed to the recruit who must be drilled for military service.

**The sponsor
at Con-
firmation**

The canon desires that this ancient custom be retained. Still, the rite is not essential for the validity of the sacrament. Hence, if it is impossible to have a sponsor, the sacrament may be administered without one.

Canon 794 directs that the same person should not be sponsor for more than one or two. Still the bishop for a good reason may allow the same person to be sponsor for many. Furthermore, there should be only one sponsor for each person to be confirmed.

Why should a person be sponsor for not more than one or two? A subsequent canon states that the sponsor contracts a spiritual relationship with the one confirmed, through which he is bound to look after the Christian education of the person. The latter is committed to his care as long as he lives. If the same person were to act as sponsor to many, he could not do his duty. Sponsorship must needs become an empty ceremony. Still if it would be impossible to have a suitable sponsor for each one to be confirmed, the bishop may allow the same person to assume sponsorship over many.

The second part of the canon forbids the use of more than one sponsor for each person. The law which prescribes two sponsors for baptism, prohibits a similar practice for confirmation. Both canons are based upon very old practices. It is not strange that there was only one sponsor at confirmation. In past centuries, the sponsor instructed the person to be confirmed in Christian doctrine. He then presented his pupil to the bishop for the sacrament. The canon is but the result of this ancient practice.

ARROGANCE

Infidels never agree except in attacking religion, and in that even with what differences! What one approves in Christianity, the other rejects; what one admires, another despises.

"I find them all," says Rousseau, speaking of the enemies of religion, "proud, arrogant, and even dogmatic in their pretended unbelief, proving nothing and making sport of one another; and this point common to all, appears to me the only one in which they are all right. If the votes are counted, each one is reduced to his own."

Hence the skeptic always says: "I alone know more than millions like myself."

POWER

Napoleon, who sometimes forgot in the intoxication of power, as he afterwards avowed, that he was Christian, one day said to the grand-master of the university in which he studied:

"I was not born in the right time, Monsieur. See Alexander the Great, he could call himself the son of Jupiter, without contradiction. As for me, in this age I find a priest more powerful than I, for he reigns over souls, and I reign only over matter."

German Catholic Action

NORMS GIVEN BY THE BISHOPS' CONFERENCE AT FULDA, OCTOBER, 1933

R. J. MILLER, C.Ss.R.

Catholic Action is the participation of the laity in the apostolate of the hierarchy. It is collaboration and assistance on the part of the laity in the official mission of the Church;—in the sublime work she performs by virtue of the commission of her Divine Founder. For all times and for all peoples the hierarchy of the Church has the commission to make known the truth, to sanctify souls and lead them both individually and collectively to their supernatural destiny. Catholic Action is participation in the apostolate of the hierarchy, but not participation in the hierarchy itself.

The purpose of Catholic Action is the same supernatural purpose as that of the apostolate of the hierarchy: i.e., the welfare of souls, the spread of the kingdom of Christ in individual men, in the family, and in society at large. The object of the activities of the Church itself is *the common good*; Catholic Action has, as far as it possibly can, the same object—the common good.

As its immediate object and condition sine qua non for the attainment of this ultimate object, Catholic Action seeks the *formation of consciences*, a strong and comprehensive Christian education which reaches the entire man, based on solid piety, well grounded knowledge of divine things, an active zeal, and an obedient submission to the hierarchy. Our Holy Father in the Encyclical "Ubi arcano" emphasizes this function of Catholic Action with these words: "To educate still more perfect Christians . . . whose consciences will be so strongly Christian that always, in every situation of private or public life they will be in a position to find the Christian solution of the many problems that confront them."

CHARACTERISTICS, OR ESSENTIAL ELEMENTS

According to the definition given, Catholic Action is:

1. An Apostolate:

Catholic Action consists not merely in a striving for individual Christian perfection, although for every individual, perfection is truly the highest striving, but also in a true apostolate, in which Catholics of every social condition take part (Letter to Cardinal Segura). Pope Pius XI distinguishes in Catholic Action two stages, not necessarily connected,—the work of formation, and the apostolic activity. (Address of April 4, 1931).

2. An apostolate of laymen:

Inasfar as, at the call of the hierarchy and under its immediate direction and dependence, they contribute their labor to the welfare of souls. The Hierarchy gives the commission and the norms. This dependence is for the laity an honor and a support.

3. An organized apostolate:

Organization is a need of our times; it meets modern requirements. On the other hand, the Church and her hierarchy, who have the right and obligation to institute and lead Catholic Action, have in the same degree the right and obligation to organize it so that it may achieve its spiritual and supernatural aims according to the demands of the circumstances of time and place. (Letter to Cardinal Schuster, April 4, 1931).

4. An apostolate hierarchically organized:

Catholic Action, as a help to the hierarchy in its organization must adapt itself to the organization of the hierarchy; it must form in groups under the *Pastor*; it is, however, essentially a *diocesan organization*, with diocesan groups at the disposal of the bishops, according to the fundamental principle: "there is nothing without the Bishops;" finally it must possess a *Central Director*, in order to have the unity required by the needs of the whole country.

NECESSITY OF CATHOLIC ACTION

In the "Ubi Arcano Dei" Pius XI insists upon the idea that Catholic Action belongs unmistakably among the duties of pastors of souls, and in a part of Christian life; that it is necessarily bound up with the restoration of the Kingdom of Christ and the peace of Christ in the reign of Christ. "Tell your faithful people that they, united with their Bishops and priests, have a part in the work of the apostolate, and of individual and social redemption; that they are more than ever 'a 'chosen generation,' a 'royal priesthood,' a 'holy people,' a people of God.'" (I Peter 2/9). The reasons are as follows:

1. The lack of priests, and the impossibility to reach certain classes of people. Catholic Action:

a. while remaining the activity of laymen, represents the priests among the laity;

b. prepares for, accompanies, and completes the work of the priest;

c. restores the bond between priest and people.

2. The great evils which burden society—religious ignorance and indifference, the predominance of Laicism, the "pest of modern society," and widespread social misery—make the lack of priests and the consequent need of Catholic Action still more evident.

3. The lively desire of the Catholic laity to labor for the triumph of the peaceful reign of Christ the King.

THE OBLIGATION OF CATHOLIC ACTION

The obligation to take part in Catholic Action is based on the mystery of the "mystical body of Christ;" further, it is based on the obligation of charity, the obligation of devotion and obedience to the Church, and on the obligation of love for nation and country.

THE PRINCIPLE OF ORGANIZATION

In the organization of Catholic Action the following principles must be borne in mind:

1. In its twofold sense it is to provide the formation and the work of the apostolate.

2. It must be free to work; hence in its development it must avoid as far as possible any occasion of friction with the State;

3. The call to Catholic Action extends to all; hence entrance into Catholic Action must be open to all. Here rises the difficult question—how this is to be done? In Italy the way is opened through the various organizations which are divided according to age and sex, so that there are four organizations—Men, Women, Young Men, Young Women—with two additional academic groups—for University Men and University Women.—In Germany we have:

a. various societies, which comprise about one third of all the Catholics;

b. the "Hitlerfront" divided according to age and sex—Women, Young Women, Men, Young Men—which is steadily on the increase;

c. a number of dissatisfied individuals who are averse to every organization, and are unwilling to join any society existing in their present form.

In order to give all these groups the opportunity to participate in Catholic Action, we shall have to come back to these four (or six) branches or organizations mentioned above; that is, all the societies belonging to one division according to sex and age (e.g. all the organizations for young men) will be grouped under a lay director, and an ecclesiastical adviser or chaplain (*geistlicher Beirat*). The Young Women's Central Committee (*Jungfrauenzentrale*), which gathers the young women of various societies into the Sodality, has done good work preparing the way in this regard. The manner in which the differences between the individual organizations are to be harmonized remains to be settled in future deliberations.

4. The hierarchical character of Catholic Action requires *incorporation in the parish and the diocese*. The center of gravity of the various societies therefore will be found hereafter not primarily in the federating unions (in *der Zentralverbänden*) but in the dioceses and parishes. Naturally there must remain some unifying bond for each of the four or six divisions according to age or sex, to give light and life to the societies and to these divisions (*Stände*); still their activity must be directed by the bishops more than has been hitherto done.

5. The execution of the various charges which Catholic Action possesses likewise demands the closest union with parish and diocese. And it has two main charges:

a. *To renew parish life*: to form consciences and to revivify the parish by means of instruction and the supernatural life. Especial emphasis is to be laid on the work of winning back the fallen away.

b. *The accomplishment of these special objectives*: 1. religious, 2. cultural activity, 3. social action for the family, 4. charitable activity, 5. educational activity, 6. activity in the department of the press and the moving picture, 7. activity for young people, for the theatre, etc. This last matter cannot be left exclusively to the Young People's Organization.

c. add to these the specific works of the various societies, in so far as they remain in force.

6. The actualization of Catholic Action in Germany, formation of the six branches, each with its own head, and moreover a common head for all.

7. Catholic Charitable Organizations (*die sogenannten Zweckverbände Caritasverband, Mädchenschutz, Fürsorge usw.*) continue to exist and function in their proper fields; but their work will be carried on by members of Catholic Action.

8. Pious Associations (*Gebet- und Sammelvereine*) likewise continue to exist: their functions being discharged by members of Catholic Action.

STRUCTURE OF THE ORGANIZATION

According to the foregoing, Catholic Action will have the following organizations:

I. In the Parish:

a. A person is a member of Catholic Action by being a member of one of the four Branch Associations (*Saule*), or, in the University towns, one of the six Branch Associations.

b. The Parish Council (*Pfarrat*) is made up of the Pastor, the officers of the four Branch Associations with their chaplains (*geistlichen Beiraten*), the officers of the various Pious and Charitable Organizations and the Departments that will be formed for special purposes — e.g., for the press; and lastly, of a few parish-ioners.

c. The presiding officer, where it is practicable and promises good results, is a layman; at his side is the chaplain and the secretary.

d. The Pastor outlines the work to be done and gives general norms to be followed, and, as head of the parish, supervises the execution of the work.

e. The various charges are given with a view to the two objects: Formation and Apostolate; the latter to be entrusted to the Charitable and Pious Societies and the various Departments.

f. The work of Catholic Action in the parish is supplied and regulated by the local needs and requirements, by the regulations and suggestions of the dioceses, by the periodicals of the four Branch Associations, and by the regulations of the Central Board.

g. The naming of the laymen who preside over the four Branch Organizations and their Chaplains, and of the President of the Parish Council is reserved to the Bishop.

2. In the Diocese:

Catholic Action follows the same mode of organization as in the parish. Two or more representatives of Parish Groups may be added.

The object of the presiding officers is the carrying out of the orders of the Bishop, of the directions of the Central Committee and of their own decisions; the erection of Parish Councils, actuation of Catholic Action in the Parishes and publicity work.

3. Central Committee:

This organization has a structure similar to that of the Parish Committee and the Diocesan Committee; in place of the Bishop there is the German Episcopate; in place of the Parish Committee, a representative of each of the six Archdioceses.

The organ by means of which the Episcopate carries on the work of Catholic Action is the Central Committee. The members of this are named by the Episcopate and are the following: a. Representatives of the six Metropolitans; b. a layman, (who is president) and an ecclesiastical adviser, who will be the Bishop of the Central Committee; c. the officers of the six branch organizations and their ecclesiastical advisers; d. certain individuals.

This Central Committee, besides the above-mentioned offices of formation and apostolate, has the following special offices:

a. execution of the charges of the Episcopate,

b. it has the right to lay suggestions before the Episcopate,

c. and also to take a public stand on current questions according to the mind of the Episcopate.

For its work the Central Committee should have official quarters and an official publication.

N. B. These are the general norms for German Catholic Action as published in the German Catholic paper "Germania," October 29, 1933. Reduced to the form of statutes, they have recently been applied in the Archdiocese of Cologne by Cardinal Schulte. A translation of the actual statutes of German Catholic Action will appear in next month's LIGURIAN.

Sympathy and interest render a task much lighter. Enlist these aids and your progress will be assured.

Catholic Anecdotes



THE VALUE OF A SOUL

The non-Catholic writer and educator, Horace Mann, once made an address at the founding of a reformatory, and during his remarks he said that its existence was justified if it saved a single soul.

After the address a man came to him and said:

"You surely do not mean that. All this expenditure of means and energy would be too much, if we were to accomplish the salvation of only one boy."

"It would not be, if it were my boy."

Truly, the value of every human soul in the sight of God, is that of a child to its father.

MOTHER DUCHESNE'S RUSE

Mother Duchesne, who established the Madames of the Sacred Heart in the United States, "needed no spur to virtue, but a check." Mortification was the means by which she praised, thanked and implored the grace of God. This incident is taken from her days at Grenoble.

The frugal repasts of the community seemed too good for her, and she seasoned her portion with bitter herbs. Mother Barat objected to this, fearing that her health might be injured. Philippine obeyed, but later on begged that the prohibition might be removed. The saintly Mother Mistress said:

"Well, I consent, on condition that I do not see you do it."

Mother Duchesne thought her case lost, as she was next to Mother Barat, and the young Superior (Mother Barat was considerably younger than Mother Duchesne) was noted for her power of observation — nothing escaped her.

However Philippine determined to try, and that very day she powdered her food with wormwood. Nothing was said to her. Mother Barat had not seen her for she was lost in recollection. The novice was too prudent to boast of her discovery and thus nearly a year passed.

On one of the last days of Mother Barat's visit to Grenoble, Philippine hung on the wall just above her Superior's chair these words from the Cantic of Canticles, written in large script:

"Ne suscitatis neque evigilare faciatis dilectam quoadusque velit."

"Stir not up nor awake my beloved until she pleases."

There was general laughter in the refectory that day.

HANDS READY TO HELP

When Cortez, the intrepid explorer, and his cousin Alvaro Ceron had sailed for twelve years along the coast of Darien (Panama), looking in vain for a way through to the Indies (as they thought), Ceron advanced the amazing suggestion to dig one through the isthmus. He went farther; he drew a tracing to show where it should go. It is a pity that Ceron's name is now nearly lost to history; for his tracing, placed on a modern map, fits almost exactly the line of our Panama Canal.

Ceron died before he got beyond the tracing. A few years later, Charles V ordered the survey of the famous Chagres Valley. The Governor of Costa Firms made the survey and shook his head.

"There are mountains," he said.

"There are mountains," agreed Comara, in swash-buckling style, "but there are also hands . . . To a King of Spain seeking the wealth of the Indian commerce, that which is possible is also easy."

We, who are seeking the infinite wealth of heaven, can say the same with even greater truth. There are mountains, perhaps, of difficulties in our way; but there are also hands, — all-powerful hands, — the hands Jesus and Mary, of the Angels and Saints, reached out to help us. With their help, heaven is possible, heaven is easy.

NOTHINGNESS

When Severus, the Emperor of Rome and at one time persecutor of the Christians, found his end approaching, he cried out:

"I have been everything, and everything is nothing."

Then ordering the urn to be brought to him in which his ashes were to be enclosed, he said: "Little urn, thou shalt contain one for whom the world was too little."

FORGIVENESS

After the battle of Wagram, Napoleon recognized among the slain a colonel who had given him cause for displeasure. He paused and gazed upon the sadly mutilated body, and said:

"I regret not having been able to speak to him before the battle, in order to tell him that I had long forgotten everything."

Thus is many a word of forgiveness put off until it is too late.

Pointed Paragraphs

BEYOND THE CROSS

"Vah! If thou be the Son of God . . . come down from the cross . . . and we will believe." This was the taunt that Scribes and Pharisees hurled at the dying Saviour.

That would have been the easy way. But it was not love's way.

Jesus heard the taunt — the rationalizing of their crime in the face of a twinging conscience. Jesus had no greater yearning than that they should believe. But He knew the heart of man better. "It must needs be that the Son of Man give His life for His sheep."

Jesus saw another way — and that was through death to resurrection and glory — through pain and torture to the hearts of men.

If He had come down from the cross, it would have been only another sign to wonder at awhile and then forget — and pleasure-seeking, money-seeking, self-seeking could go on its way unrebuked. Sorrow would have no explanation still — death would be as dark and dread as ever — the grave as sombre as Sheol, and man left without the loftiest of examples.

But Easter sheds light on all — the light of heaven. Now martyrs — men, women, boys and girls, could go into death singing; St. Francis could court poverty; St. Xavier brave the Mongol seas and swamps; St. Lidwina could smile through thirty-eight years of pain and helplessness; mothers could see angels in the still, white form of their children; Death's portals are radiant on the inner side — sorrow wears a golden crown and life a glorious promise.

"Christ is risen — death no more o'er Him dominion hath!" We that are His members have conquered death in Him. It is an angel now — not a skeleton with a scythe, — a call to resurrection — not to endless darkness!

WHO SHALL ROLL AWAY THE STONE?

When the holy women, early on the first Easter morning, went out to the tomb in which Our Lord's sacred body was laid, in order to perform their last loving rites upon it, one difficulty occupied their minds. "Who shall roll away the stone" that sealed the grave, "for it was very great?"

When, however, they came to the grave, they found it already removed. Our Lord Himself, or His attending angels, had removed the difficulty. He saw their loving purpose and anticipated their need.

Our Lord still reads our hearts. He seeks to find their "infinite desires" to come to Him. He Himself will remove the difficulties in our way and as we approach through the dim dawn-light of faith, He will call us by name as He did the Magdalen.

In all cares and worries recall this scene and renew your confidence and trust.

IS THIS RELIGION?

Recently a questionnaire was sent to 1,000 Protestant ministers in Chicago by Professor George Herbert Betts of Northwestern University. Its purpose was to ascertain what amount of agreement or disagreement there was to be found among them on certain doctrines of historic Christianity. The result was at once ludicrous and pathetic.

"Old beliefs," says the Professor in publishing the result, "are modified and new interpretations are accepted." True indeed. The Congregationalists, the survey shows, lead all sects in the process of change; while the others tend to modernize their beliefs in decreasing ratio in the following order: Episcopalians, Methodists, Presbyterians, Baptists, Lutherans.

Some of the questions and answers given are as follows. Asked whether they believed in the devil, only 44 per cent of the Congregationalist ministers answered in the affirmative, while the Lutherans were shown to believe in him unanimously. Not more than half the Congregationalists and Episcopalian ministers believe in the existence of heaven, while the Lutherans almost unanimously do.

Scarcely any of the Congregationalists or Episcopalians believe in a burning hell; Lutheran preachers favor the belief about two to one; the Baptists are evenly divided for and against it, and the Presbyterians and Methodists overwhelmingly disclaim any belief in hell.

Such disagreement on fundamentals is pitiful. Yet they all call themselves Christians — followers of Him who said of His own unchangeable doctrines, He that believeth shall be saved; he that believeth not shall be condemned.

Right here is the answer to those Protestant divines, who like Diogenes are going about with a lantern looking for the reasons why Protestantism has failed and is failing more and more each day. The

human heart is naturally Christian, but it cannot cling either loyally or long to any system that allows such a welter of contradictions to be championed in its name.

THE MOTION PICTURE MENACE

A concerted attack on the evils of present day Motion Picture entertainment has recently been inaugurated by the American hierarchy. To make possible a proper understanding of the factors in the problem, the Most Rev. Bishop Cantwell of Los Angeles and San Diego has written an illuminating article in a journal for priests.

Previous to the advent of the depression the paid attendance at motion pictures was in excess of 100 million a week. At present attendance figures are close to 70 million each week. World attendance at American made films is estimated at about 250 million a week.

American producers of pictures furnish more than 84 per cent of the world's product. Ninety per cent of these are produced by eight companies in Hollywood, California; and all eight are members of the "Hays Association," or "The Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America, Inc."

About 480 feature length talking pictures and about 2,500 short films are made in America each year — 96 per cent of them in Hollywood. In their production, 100 million dollars is spent; another 100 million in advertising them, and a third 100 million in selling and distributing. There are 16,000 motion picture theatres equipped with sound apparatus in the United States at the present time, though 3,000 of them are closed now as a result of the depression.

With regard to the evils connected with this form of entertainment, the fact is that these have multiplied both in opportunity and in fact since the silent pictures have gone and the "talkie" reigns supreme. The talking picture has seized its opportunity to preach a philosophy of life, which in most instances is the wrong philosophy, sinister and insidious. The chief dogma in that philosophy is, in the words of the most competent authority in Hollywood, "that marriage, the purity of women, and the sanctity of the home are outmoded sentimentalities, unworthy of serious consideration at the hands of intelligent Americans." An examination of any given number of films will demonstrate how this philosophy is being preached in every kind of guise.

Who is to blame? Within the industry itself, there are two places where the blame must be laid. The first is at the door of the man-

agers and directors of the eight big production companies. These are for the most part — Jews. Of the eight — all but the Fox Company are definitely managed by Jews. If these Jewish executives wished to keep the screen clean, they could do so.

The second place of blame is at the door of the scenario-writers, called "Artists," who are in reality the creators of a new school of vice. Seventy-five per cent of them are pagans; the backwash of the era of pornography in literature that swept the land after the war. Having achieved popularity by their "realism" — without decency or good taste or refinement, without appreciation of the most elementary spiritual values, they are allowed to set the standards of the motion pictures.

What is to be done? The time is ripe for a campaign. Seven of the large producing companies mentioned above are in dire financial straits, one already in bankruptcy, another in the hands of a Federal Receiver. Rehabilitation and reconstruction of the industry are imminent. If every public agency and private individual will exert the influence they possess to demand sane, clean films, then in the rehabilitation that is at hand the old leaven of vice and indecency and false philosophy can be purged out and new standards set that will make the cinema what it should be — a cultural, educative, elevating influence in the land, and in the world.

CENTURIES WITHOUT PROGRESS

Many visitors to last year's *Century of Progress*, at Chicago, expressed the conviction that the most interesting cultural exhibit of the Fair was the Belgian Village. There is something of a modern anomaly in the fact; it means that in the midst of the gigantic monuments to change and advancement, in the heart of a world of industrial exhibitions, most of which were the latest mechanical achievements of man, human beings found the most satisfaction and pleasure in gazing upon the exhibition of an almost changeless old-world scene. The glory of a *Century of Progress* was dimmed by the unchanging charm of a centuries-old village.

It had to be so. Man is not a machine, nor will his interest ever rest solely or primarily in machines, however marvelous. He is a composite of soul and body, but a composite in which the soul is the animating, active, directive principle.

Hence his interests will always, if allowed free play, center themselves primarily on the things of the spirit. The beauty of a landscape,

the intangible grandeur of a waterfall, the spiritual message of a song or a poem or a work of art, the character and habits of fellow-human beings of other nations, as expressed unchangeably in their language and cities and buildings and homes, — these things are changeless in his love while the attraction of marvelous inventions and machines will come and go.

It is good to learn now, from advance publicity for the 1934 Fair, that much more of this kind of cultural interest will be offered when *A Century of Progress* reopens June 1st. There is to be a Swiss village, an English village, a German Mountain village, an old Spanish village, a Tunisian village of Northern Africa, and others.

For those who will be able to visit the made-over Fair this year, there is much to look forward to — much that should balance better the soul-starving diet of industrialism, salesmanship, and cheap entertainment that predominated last year. One cannot but express the hope, however, that commercialization and promotion schemes may not be allowed to take the charm from the historic old-world scenes that are to be presented.

NEWSPAPER ETHICS

When the outrageous lynching in San Jose, California, occurred some months ago, it was front page news for most newspapers. Banner headlines called attention to it, and then the story was retold with every morbid detail emphasized almost to the point of reenactment.

Some newspapers went further. They displayed pictures of the bodies of the unfortunate criminals, swinging naked from the trees to which the infuriated mob had hung them. Disgusting sensationalism could scarcely be carried to greater lengths.

There was one editor who did not lose his sanity and sense of responsibility to the public when this "prize news-story broke." In the *Emporia Gazette*, edited by the nationally known William Allen White, the following article appeared the day after the lynching:

"Look elsewhere.

"Tonight the *Gazette* will have to ask its readers to look elsewhere; buy some other paper if they want the horrible details of the lynching in California. The story came in early. It was discarded.

"It is enough to know that the men were lynched. But the details of the death of the victims and the particulars relating to the work of the mob—men turned to beasts by blood lust and passion for vengeance

—will not appear in these columns. It was bad enough for the idly curious to see this spectacle in California. It is worse deliberately to set it down in a newspaper to gratify the vicarious passions of people fifteen hundred miles away.

"A newspaper is supposed to give the people what they want. The *Gazette* has no desire to peddle this kind of merchandise.

"Look elsewhere for it."

Of course, it may be said that comment and apology should not be necessary for action like this on the part of an editor. But in the newspaper world as it is at present constituted, it required courage to take this stand, even if it was done with an apology.

A NEW NOTE IN ADVERTISING

It is the common fault of advertisers to take themselves too seriously. Their presentation of commodities for sale is made a matter of life and death to the prospective buyer; they call upon every vital human emotion to support their appeal; they almost preach a philosophy, a religion, a crusade — as if civilization itself hung on the spread of their product.

So one cannot help being both amused and pleased to run across advertisements which break from the general mode and assume a lighter and more appropriate mood. Examples of these latter are becoming more numerous, but one in particular caught our eye in recent months. It was used by a firm in a Texas newspaper, and ran as follows:

"Single blankets, each 44c. Size 66x76 isn't long enough for people of West Texas, but if you're short or lie crooked at night, here is a bargain in single cotton blankets."

"Men's belt straps, each 9c. About two years ago a clerk sold two the day they came in — and our buyer got excited and wired for all the factory had — now we offer them for 9c. Just want enough to pay for the telegram."

"Ladies' fur-trim coats, \$3.99. Some people call it fur, but the animal it comes from sleeps by day and barks at night — you guessed it. Please shake us loose from them at only \$3.99."

"Pajamas, each 44c. We were nerts to buy them in short sleeves . . . everybody out here likes longies."

Realism, humor and truth almost make literature out of these advertisements. May their spirit infect others of the trade.

-----LIGUORIANA-----

EXCERPTS FROM THE WRITINGS OF ST. ALPHONSUS

CONDITIONS OF PRAYER

First, we must pray with *humility*. The prayer of a humble soul

From "Spouse of Christ" that considers itself unworthy of being heard penetrates

the Heavens and presents itself before the throne of God, and does not depart until God looks upon it and hears it. When, therefore, we seek graces of the Lord, we should first cast a glance at our own unworthiness, and especially at how we have betrayed Him after so many resolutions and promises, because we trusted too much to our own strength; and thus, mistrusting ourselves, and despairing of being able to do anything of ourselves, we should beg and implore the help we need from His mercy.

Secondly, we must pray with *confidence*. And how, as St. Augustine says, can we fear that we shall not be heard when we pray, since God, Who is Truth itself, has promised to hear anyone that prays? Elsewhere the Saint says: He begs that you ask, will He refuse what you ask? Surely not; for by making that promise, He became your debtor.

But, you will say, I am a sinner; I deserve punishment, not grace; and that is why I am afraid — because I do not deserve to be heard. But God has promised to hear the prayers of everyone that prays — not only of the just man, but also of the sinner; all he must do is pray. And our loving Redeemer, to remove from us every possible fear when we pray, has said: *Amen, Amen, I say to you: If you ask the Father anything in My*

name, He will give it to you. As if He said: Sinners, you have no merits before My Father to make your prayers heard; so do this: seek for graces in My name, that is, by my merits; and I promise you that He will give you anything you ask.

Thirdly, we must pray with *perseverance*. The Lord wills to hear some the first time they pray, others the second, others the third; and since we do not know how often God wants us to repeat our prayers before He will hear us, we should never cease asking for the grace we desire.

And, to speak especially of the grace of final perseverance, this is a grace, as the Council of Trent teaches, which we cannot merit; still St. Augustine teaches that we merit it in some manner by praying for it; but to obtain it and be saved, as St. Thomas notes, it is necessary that everyone continually beg it of God. He wants to give us perseverance, but He wants to be importuned and almost forced to give it by our prayers; and that is what Our Lord meant by insisting: *Ask and you shall receive, seek and you shall find, knock and it shall be opened unto you.*

* * *

You were never so secure of salvation as you are now, because the way of the cross is the safest and shortest to salvation.

* * *

The greatest number of those who are damned, are damned for not having corresponded to the call of God.

Book Reviews

RELIGION

Religious Certainty. By Martin J. Scott, S.J., Litt. D. Published by P. J. Kenedy and Sons. New York. 252 pages. Price, paper cover, 25c; postpaid, 35c.

In an age that flouts all certainty in religious and moral matters, it is well to have treatises of popular appeal, reasserting these fundamental truths that really matter. Such a treatise Father Scott gives us in the present little book. In language that the average man can understand, he presents once more the evidence for the fundamental facts and truths the give us certainty in religion.

Under headings like "Religion," "Religion and Reason," and "Christianity," he explains very satisfactorily the approaches to Catholicism; while in succeeding chapters, he unfolds the reasonableness of the Church as our Lord's chosen means of perpetuating His work on earth.

The book has all the virtues of Father Scott's previous apologetic treatises: simplicity, clearness, forcefulness and modernity of approach.—A. T. Z.

Compendium of Theology. Vol. IV. Moral Theology. Part III. By the Rev. J. Berthier. Translated from the French by the Rev. Sidney A. Raemers, M.A., Ph.D., of Notre Dame University. 378 pages. Price, \$2.75.

This is the concluding volume of the English translation of Berthier's *Compendium of Theology*. We have in earlier issues of the *Liguorian* reviewed with approval the other volumes. The same praise is due the present one.

The present volume treats about General Laws of the Church,—Moral and Penal (p. 2 — 152) and the Particular Laws regarding the obligation of the Different States of Life (p. 153 — 372). As in the previous volumes the treatment is quite detailed even though brief, thus giving a fairly complete idea of the Church's legislation.

Our space and purpose does not permit us to enter into the consideration of particular views with which we may disagree. In general the opinions in more or less disputed matters are safe.

The "*Compendium of Theology*" will be useful work in a priest's library.

Teachers will find much help for catechism instruction and it might serve as a useful reference work in high schools or colleges.—A. T. Z.

SERMONS

Figures in the Drama of Salvation. By the Rev. J. A. McClorey, S.J. Published by B. Herder Book Co., St. Louis, Mo. 192 pages. Price, \$1.50.

This volume adds to the series of sermons that have already been published by the well-known Jesuit preacher. Only two in this volume, according to the author, have actually been preached; the others are new. It is always difficult rightly to appraise sermon matter in its written form; the force of a personality and the emphasis of expression have a transforming power. Subject to this reservation, these sermons seem disappointing; they lack climatic structure and directness of appeal; while in some of them the theme seems to be too arbitrarily drawn from the "figures in the drama of salvation" from which they take their titles. However they contain a wealth of apologetic material.

—D. F. M.

LAW

A History of the Legal Incorporation of Catholic Church Property In the United States (1784-1932). By Rev. Patrick J. Dignan, M.A. Published by the Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C.

The present book forms Vol. XIV of *The Catholic University of America Studies in American Church History*. It is a Dissertation submitted to the Graduate School of Arts and Sciences of the Catholic University in partial fulfillment for the Requirements for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy.

It is so good a piece of work, and represents such wide research and mastery of the subject that it does honor to the University as well as to the author. We are glad to call the attention of priests and students to this book. The chapters on the Trustee System are very good. That on the present Legal Status of Catholic Church Property presents a very fine review of all existing legislation in the different States of the Union.—A. T. Z.

DEVOTION

The Virgin Mother. By Sister Mary Paula, S.N.D.de N. Published by Benziger Bros. New York. 196 pages. Illustrated. Price, \$1.75.

There are available a number of accounts of the life of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Some that were fairly popular are now seldom seen. Sister Mary Paula has given us a life of the Mother of Jesus which ought to win many readers.

It was written, as is evident, to serve in the first place as supplementary reading in junior and senior high schools. But I have no doubt that older and younger folks will read it with pleasure.

Our Blessed Mother is apt to be a vague ideal of goodness to many—without any definite content. Sister Mary Paula tries to fill in the picture,—to recreate her in the actual surroundings and circumstances of her gloriously simple and holy life. It should help to know her better and love her more.

The modern touch ought to lend appeal to the story. In this day of ours, Mary, the ideal of all that is sweet and pure and strong in humanity, cannot be held insistently enough before our Catholic youth.

The opinions chosen here and there, regarding incidental circumstances of Jewish life in our Lady's time, may not always meet the unqualified approval of students of Scripture. But where clear certainty cannot be attained in such matters, liberty is the privilege of all.

—A. T. Z.

Thanksgiving After Holy Communion. By Daniel A. Lord, S.J. Published by the Queen's Work, St. Louis, Mo. Price 10 cents.

St. Ambrose used to say that one Holy Communion was enough to make a Saint of us. One who fully grasps what Holy Communion means readily sees the force of his words. How then is it that the efficacy of this sacrament is not actually unfolded in our lives at its full power?

Father Lord seems to place the cause in the fact that "human nature being what it is, we waste most of the precious and important moments of life"—the moments after Holy Communion. And now that the practice of daily or frequent Communion is urged on all and taken up by so many—this waste becomes something of a portent—it is so serious.

In order to help frequent Communicants to utilize these moments after Holy Communion to better advantage, he gives us not so much set prayers—but leading thoughts. This little pamphlet is well worth having and using.—A. T. Z.

Frida. By Thomas B. Chetwood, S.J. Published by the Queen's Work, St. Louis — Price 10 cents.

Packed in the thirty pages of this pamphlet you have a story. It is almost a drama—so quick is the action, so incisive the sketching of characters, so striking the end. The theme is the power of Our Lord—in His written word but even more in His Person in the Blessed Sacrament. It is deftly and most interestingly developed—and it might lead to something as important and healthy as a bit of self-examination.

—A. T. Z.

FOR CHILDREN

Roses, Red and White and Gold. Penned and Pictured by Sister Caterina, O.P. Published by Benziger Bros. Fifteen full page (about 8x11) colored drawings of the mysteries of the Rosary, with appropriate verses in large decorative type on the facing pages, constitute this book for children. It may well take the place of any number of popular picture-books for children that contain not a single religious reference, and there is no doubt that it will fascinate the child. We hope this work will be followed by many others that will use to good advantage the beauty and picturesque of Catholic mysteries to attract and instruct Catholic children.—D. F. M.

REPORT

Official Report of the 78th General Convention of the Catholic Central Verein, 1933. Published by the Wanderer Press, 128 E. 10th St., St. Paul, Minn. The Central Verein Convention, held in Pittsburgh last year from August 19th to 23rd, was one of the notable events of the year in the field of efforts at social reform. The Verein is the oldest and most vigorous organization of its kind in the country, and last year's convention made notable contributions to the current thought on the much discussed social problem. It is good to have its deliberations in book form, and these should be in the hands of all to whom the social problem appears as the vital issue it is.—D. F. M.



Catholic Events



Persons:

The National Catholic Converts' League, hitherto active chiefly in New York, has recently reorganized and taken a new name—St. Paul's Guild. It intends to organize units in every diocese and has inaugurated a new, more extensive program of activities. His Eminence Patrick Cardinal Hayes has accepted the honorary presidency and has written a letter commending it to the zeal of the Catholic body. Its objectives will be: to assist the return of Christendom to Catholicity; to render material aid to convert ministers and others, whose coming into the Church has cost them their only means of livelihood; to supply information on request to all interested in the Catholic faith; to see that the children of converts receive the proper Catholic education; to stimulate the faith and zeal of life-long Catholics by acquainting them with the experiences of converts; to establish reading rooms and libraries where members may assemble for discussions and other social activities.

The members of the diocesan Council of Catholic Women of Fort Wayne, Indiana, by way of Catholic Action, have since the beginning of Lent this year visited every Catholic home in the diocese obtaining pledges of people to abstain from attendance at objectionable motion pictures.

Msgr. John A. Ryan, of the Catholic University at Washington, has declined to serve on an unemployment relief committee because of the birth-control views of three other members of the group selected. The committee was to draw up a plan for unemployment relief to be presented to Congressional leaders. Monsignor Ryan, in a letter to the secretary of the Committee, gave as his reason for refusing to serve the fact that three of the accepted members, one a Protestant bishop and two Jewish rabbis, had argued for birth-control as an economic relief measure at a Congressional hearing and at a birth-controllers' rally. Such proposals could be the product, he said, of only stupidity or dishonesty; and gave evidence to prove his point.

William Hard, internationally known journalist, political analyst, and radio commentator, was received into the Catholic faith recently at St. Matthew's Church, Washington, D. C. Since November he had been taking instructions from the Very Rev. Adrain Weld-Blundell, O.S.B., prior of St. Anselm's, Brookland, D. C. For several years he had broadcast weekly for a national radio chain, interpreting the major news happenings and analyzing the political situation. He is the author of several books.

The Rev. Pamphile C. Depew, priest who left the diocese of Detroit about three years ago to become associated with the schismatic "Old Roman Catholic Church" and eventually an "archbishop" in it—has abjured his errors and returned to the Church. He has published through the N. C. W. C. News Service a statement of abjuration which in part reads: "I wish to make public atonement and to undo the scandal which I have given by my action, in a moment of vexation, in leaving my pastorate in the diocese of Detroit to become a member of the Schismatic Old Roman Catholic Church. I now publicly abjure my errors and as far as it is within my power, I wish to repair the damage done to Holy Mother Church.

Of all those to whom I have given scandal, I ask forgiveness and beg that they will pray to the Lord, my God, for me. . . ." It is understood that the penitent priest may now receive the Sacraments but is still suspended as a priest.

Don Bosco, great Italian apostle of youth, founder of the *Salesians*, whose chief work is in behalf of boys, and of the *Daughters of Mary, Help of Christians*, whose labors are for young girls, is to be canonized on Easter Sunday. The Salesians today number 9,981, have 702 houses and 43 provinces, while the Daughters of Mary number 7,500 (460 of them missionaries) with 644 houses. It is only 46 years since the saint's death.

Places:

In *Italy*, during February, all branches of Italian Catholic Action in Rome—Men, Women, Young Men and Young Women, and University Women—participated in a convention of several days' duration for the promotion of catechetical instruction—not only to children, but to adults of all classes as a fundamental and indispensable means for the spread of true Christian culture.

In *Austria*, reports give out that national peace is rapidly being restored after the socialist and communist revolution of early February. The people are returning to the Church and the laboring men are joining the Catholic Labor Unions in large numbers. Meanwhile Chancellor Dollfuss and the Austrian Government in general are engaged in the formation of a new constitution for Austria which will be based on the directions for social reconstruction given in the Encyclical "Forty Years After." It is reported that at first a provisional constitution will be formed, since Austria is the first country in the world to follow the Pope's leadership in this way, and many practical problems must be solved while putting the theory of the Christian state into practice. It may take, says one of the leaders working on the task, three years to complete it.

In *Russia*, a report has been published by the Committee in charge of the organization of the Communist Congress in Moscow, which is quoted by the *Osservatore Romano* and reveals the following startling facts: The total membership of the Communist Party in Russia is 1,872,488; that is, about one Communist to every hundred Russians. Moreover, only ten per cent of the Communists enrolled in the party before 1920 still remain in it; the others have either abandoned it or been replaced by others. Among the actual Communists, only ten per cent have more than an elementary school education, including in the ten per cent those who attended the military schools during the civil wars.

In *England*, the pastoral letters of a number of the bishops this year deal with Catholic Action. His Eminence Cardinal Bourne of Westminster, and His Excellency, Archbishop Mostyn of Cardiff, Wales, make particular plans for it, but only on a diocesan scale. It is hoped that before long England will have an organization similar to the National Catholic Welfare Conference of America hierarchically directing Catholic Action on a national scale.

In *China*, there have been 550,111 converts to the faith in the past 10 years, according to a statement of the Apostolic Delegate. This number includes only those baptized after a due course of instruction. The number of those baptized in danger of death reaches into the millions. The whole Catholic population now is 2,624,166. In the ten years, the foreign clergy laboring in China has increased 57 per cent, and the native clergy 45 per cent. At present native seminarians, minor and major, number over 4,000.

L u c i d I n t e r v a l s

It was Anthony's first ride in a railway train, and the succession of wonders reduced him to a state of hysterical astonishment. The train rounded a slight bend and, with a shriek of its whistle, plunged into a tunnel. There were gasps of surprise from the corner where Anthony was kneeling. Suddenly the train rushed into broad daylight again, and a small voice was lifted in wonder.

"It's to-morrow!" exclaimed the small boy.

"Mrs. Brown," cried Mr. Smith to his neighbor, "have you spoken to your boy about mimicking me?"

"Yes, I have," replied Mrs. Brown. "I've told him not to act like a fool."

"Waiter, have you forgotten me?"

"Oh, no, sir, you are the stuffed calf's head."

Foreman (at the door): Did yer husband have a new suit av clo'es on this mornin', Mrs. O'Malley?

Mrs. O'Malley: He did.

Foreman: They're roined entirely.

Mrs. O'Malley: How did it happen?

Foreman: He was blown up be a charge av dinnymite.

A Boston boy went out to Yuma
And there he encountered a puma—
And later they found
Just a spot on the ground,
And a puma in very good huma.

"Talk about torture——"

"Yes?"

"Nothing is worse than sitting in a barber's chair with your mouth full of lather, watching the boy trying to give another customer your new \$6 hat."

Teacher: "Tommy, come up here and give me what you've got in your mouth."

Tommy: "I wish I could—it's the toothache."

Bert (passionately): Life to me was a desert until I met you?

Doreen (coldly): Is that why you dance like a camel?

A little boy was sent with a note to the clinic doctor. It read:

"Please, will you do something to Willie's face? He's had it a long time and it's spreading."

Bachelor—I kneel to a woman! Never!
She—Too much pride?

Bachelor—No, too much rheumatism.

"You've heard what the last witness said," persisted the counsel, "and yet your evidence is to the contrary. Am I to infer that you doubt her veracity?"

"Not at all," the polite young man replied as he waved a deprecating hand. "I merely wish to make it clear what a liar I am if she's speaking the truth."

Motorist's Wife: What lovely fleecy clouds. I'd just love to be up there sitting on one of them.

Motorist: All right. You drive the car.

A tall, athletic man walked into a store one day last week and said: "I want to buy a set of lady's furs."

"What kind?" inquired the new clerk, with a knowing wink, anxious to make a sale.

"That set in the window will do very well, if you don't want too much for it," answered the tall, athletic man.

"Oh, you mean skunk," said the new clerk.

(Editor's Note: The clerk was still in the hospital a week later.)

"Did I step on your foot?" asked the big, fat man as he crowded into a seat at the movies next to a pretty girl.

"It was either you or an elephant," remarked the victim.

"Dear me," said the absent-minded professor as he fell down the stairs, "I wonder what is making all that racket?"

"Are the fish biting?"

"I don't know," replied the weary angler. "If they are, they're biting each other."



Books for the Month

BLUE PORTFOLIO

By VERA MARIE TRACY

"The stories and sketches in this work may or may not be the author's life, but they certainly are pages from the life of everyone who reads them. The spirit of childhood is in them, and the spirit of youth and age. The dreams, and joys, and heartaches, and hopes of all life are in them."

Published by Bruce. Price, \$1.50.

MEDITATIONS ON THE LIFE OF OUR LORD

By ST. BONAVENTURE

"St. Bonaventure bears the title of 'Seraphic Doctor,' and it is truly as a seraph that he writes of the life of Our Blessed Lord. The present work from his pen has been little known to English readers, and in the translation of Sister Emmanuel, O.S.B., will be deeply appreciated."

Published by Herder. Price, \$2.75.

LIFE RETURNS TO DIE

By EDWARD A. HERRON

"This is a first novel that deserves being known. It is a love-story, high and lofty in tone, yet not smoothing over the sorrows and sins that are the lot of man."

Published by Benziger. Price, \$2.00.

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